

PROBATIONARY

ODE,

TO BE SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE

LUDI APOLLINARES EDINENSES,

WHICH ARE TO BE COMMEMORATED AT LEITH, ON

WEDNESDAY, THE 6TH OF AUGUST 1823.

*Written by a Candidate for the Office of Poëta Laureatus
to the SOCIETAS EDINBURGENA FILIORUM ÆSCULAPII,
in Gulielmi Harvei honorem instituta.*

I.

FILL your bumpers, time is fleeting,

Wine let thirsty lips be greeting,

Drink and laugh, good-humour by,

Wi' bright een blinking bonnilie,

Inspires aye mickle glee.

Awa', then, to the auld black deil,

Gang ilka thought that is not leal,

And, true to joy, when mirth is flowing,

Each be here with pleasure glowing:



— I wold mair than any o' the
Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,

Sons of Mirth are we.

Drink away,—laugh away;
 II.

Fill a bumper,—pass the word;
 The shade of HARVEY rules the board,
 And, ever as the goblets pass,
 Flings magic into every glass,

A spell of harmony;

See it work ! from every ee,
 Flashing beams of gladness flee,
 While brighter still from those presiding,
 Keep the charm in each residing.

Then HARVEY, we know something more;
Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away,—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,

Sons of Mirth are we.

Mingle wine and mingle song,
 III.

Let the sour-eyed Cynic frown;—
 He ne'er could ca' sic joys his own,
 As those the merry wine-cups yield,
 Wi' cheerfu' friends to keep the field,

Gude faith ! we bear the gree.

Sma's his pleasure,—let him glow'r,—
 We hold it best to seize the hour,
 When lightsome spirits life diffusing,
 Life enjoying, ne'er abusing,

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away ;
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

IV.

Sons of Mirth ! when HARVEY saw,
 Our life-blood's circulating law,
 He gained a fame that shall not die
 Whilst posterity there be.

But skilled are *we* in deeper lore ;—
 Than HARVEY, we know something more ;
 HARVEY the circulation found,
 But *we* know how to send it round,

Chorus.

Drink away,—laugh away ;—
 Mingle wine and mingle song,
 Drive the tide of life along,
 Sons of Mirth are we.

